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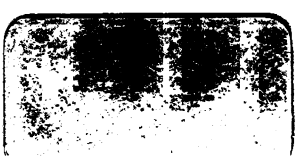


P. Annetta Peckham.

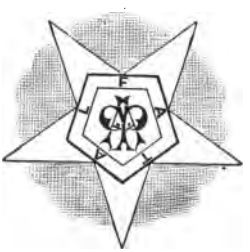
WELDED LINKS,

BY

P. ANNETTA PECKHAM.

Morning awaking illumines the scene
Where death had been reigning, angels convene,
And in their chaste robes, to Mary, proclaim
The links are all welded in life's golden
chain.

FIRST EDITION



CHICAGO:
PUBLISHED BY P. ANNETTA PECKHAM,
1875.

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DEDICATION.

Lovingly and respectfully I dedicate "WELDED LINKS" to

MY MOTHER,

MRS. ROXENATH BENEDICT HITCHCOX,

of Apulia, Onondaga Co., New York, daughter of a Revolutionary Patriot, inheriting from him the sterling qualities of virtue which gained our independence as a Nation, combined with rare gentleness of nature, and a reliant faith and trust in the loving kindness and goodness of God, enabled her to be an efficient, faithful and loving mother. Seventy and seven summers have not dimmed the full vigor of her health and intellect; loved, respected and revered by all who know her.

Through her protecting ægis, gentle reader, for the first time I essay to minister to thy wants and pleasures.

Not unmindful of the perils that environ the adventurer upon the sea of Poesy, I have launched this frail little bark, assured that a generous public will accord it all the protection it deserves.

If it stem the tide of adverse criticism, and find safe harbor in the hearts of those who read it, the gratification of the author will be intensified, with the sweet assurance of the approval of her to whom these lines are dedicated, and stimulated to another voyage mayhap in a larger vessel.

P. ANNETTA PECKHAM.

CHICAGO, JAN. 15, 1875.

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WELDED LINKS.

BROKEN LINKS.

DOWN in the valley, so humble and low,
Where the cool, purling streamlets limpidly flow,
Sad hearts are sighing from memory's refrain,
For the links that are broken in life's golden
chain.

Up on the mountains, ambition is rife,
And hearts are aglow with fervor and strife;
There, souls are weeping with anguish and pain,
For the links that are broken, in life's golden
chain.

In hovel and palace alike there is woe,
Death, on his mission, doth everywhere go ;
No place so hallowed, but that there is pain,
For the links that are broken, in life's golden
chain.

All over the land, wherever we roam,
Or wherever man shall find him a home,
Till the ending of time, he will complain
For the links that are broken, in life's golden
chain.

God of our Fathers! oh give us that rest,
Where we may gather again to our breast,
Each of our loved ones, so cruelly slain,
And count the links perfect, in life's golden
chain.

Eve, in affliction, bowed down in her grief,
Her only adornment a simple fig leaf;
And in her bereavement, how sadly complained,
For the links that were broken, in life's golden
chain.

She heard in the breath of the soft summer breeze,
Wafting a message through fairest of trees—
A shriek of distress, from over the plain,
For the link that was broken, in life's golden
chain.

Her offspring dishonored, humbled in pride,
While dark crimson stains his conscience had dyed,
And nature caught up the echoing strain,
For the link that was broken in life's golden
chain.

And bearing its tones through ambient air,
Heaven heard the echo and wail of despair,
And swift from His throne the Infinite came,
For the link that was broken in life's golden
chain.

Down through the ages, the cycles of time
Have borne on their pinions in every clime,
Echoes from Eden, fresh freighted with pain,
For the links that were broken in life's golden
chain.

Again, in a garden, the mightiest wail
Which could the high courts of Heaven assail,
Was wrung from the Son of God in His pain,
For the link that seemed broken in life's golden
chain.

So great was the anguish, earth felt the pain,
And in her convulsions, rocks rended in twain,
And a pall hung o'er the dark Gethsemane,
For the link that was broken in life's golden
chain.

Morning, awaking, illumines the scene,
Where death had been reigning, angels convene,
And in their chaste robes, to Mary, proclaim,
The links are all welded in life's golden
chain.

GONE AND LEFT US.

GONE, yes, he has gone, and left us,
In this world of pain and woe;
Gone to join the hosts of Heaven,
Where eternal pleasures flow.

He has passed death's pearly portals,
Passed the sentry at the gate,
Passed into the life elysian,
Where attending angels wait.

There, the soul advances higher
In each noble thought and aim;
And the music of the lyre,
Is the progress we attain.

Happy they, who've passed death's portals—
Happy all who've gone before;
Death is but the open gate-way—
To the joys of Heaven the door.

Death, the kindly friend of mortals,
Is no foe we should berate;
It gives a palace for a hovel,
For filthy rags, a grand estate.

It puts a crown on every forehead—
A crown of bliss, that all can wear;
For in our Heavenly Father's mansion
Every child may have a share.

Then let us all, with kindly feeling,
Pity each the other's woe;
And for every brother's error
Let us great compassion show.

HAVE WE TREASURES IN HEAVEN?

HAVE we treasures in Heaven, laid up in store,
'Gainst the time when earth shall know us no more?
'Gainst the time when a summons shall call us away,
To leave with our form but perishing clay?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven, mortals of earth—
Treasures awaiting our spiritual birth?
Treasures so precious, and of value so rare,
Their worth shall conquer the fears of despair?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven? What have we done,
To cause in our passport the welcome word "come"?
Have we wiped off the tear from sorrowful eye?
Or cheered the dark pathway of any who die?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven? Comfort we here
The weak and the weary, who tremble with fear?
And lift from the heart that's weighed down with care,
The cause of its grief and cause of despair?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven? Mortals who weep
For the loved ones who slumber in death's cold sleep?
They wait you beyond, in that beautiful clime
Where they have o'ercome the sorrows of time.
We have treasures in Heaven.

THE OLD HOME.

I CAME again where once was home:
The rose its perfume shed,
And lilies bloomed along the banks,
Where water courses sped.

The fish still played within the brook,
And swam the pebbles o'er;
And birds still sang in every nook,
The tunes they did of yore.

The old house sat upon the hill
The same as when a child;
The hawthorne clambered o'er the door,
Untrained, unkempt, and wild.

The fence around the garden gate,
Was also broken down ;
The little steps I used to climb,
Could now, no where be found.

I thought the garden was not kept
Just as it used to be ;
The trees and shrubs were not well trimmed,
At least, so seemed to me.

I wandered in the little path,
Up to the kitchen door ;
A strange cat played upon the mat,
Strange children on the floor.

I looked around upon the wall,
Strange pictures met my gaze ;
And stranger faces on me looked,
In still more strange amaze.

I asked them for the friends I loved,
In early years gone by:
These strangers, with averted look,
And with a half drawn sigh,—

But pointed to a distant hill,
Where I some mounds could see;
And hence, the garden is not kept,
Just as it used to be.

DESTINY.

BY what strange power to us is given,
The life, for which we have not striven,
Yet held responsible?
Developed from unconscious state,
Brought into life a being great—
Commensurate with God.

This power which first our life controlled,
Is the great Author of our soul;
And is our first prime cause:
And shall He have of us less care,
Since we His conscious creatures are,
And He our Father God?

The world He holds at His command,
Sun, moon and stars rest in His hand,
And man His greatest care;
Submissive to this God is man,
And only second, in the plan
Of all His wondrous works.

Brought into life for noble cause,
A part and parcel of God's laws,
Which cannot be destroyed;
With His existence ours shall run,
Though wane the earth and fade the sun,
Triumphant still is man.

What matter where in space he dwell,
Jupiter, Venus, Mars, or hell,
Since God reigns everywhere?
He fills immensity of space,
Where He is not, there is no place,
And where He is, there's Heaven.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT comes from perfect rest,
Where all the passions of the breast
Are fully satisfied;
No passion, thought, or good to gain,
No filthy lucre to attain —
Man sits him down to die.

Without ambition in our life,
The world would cease its busy strife,
And man a sluggard be:
The fields would ne'er produce their grain,
Birds never sing a joyful strain,
Nor children leap for joy.

The swelling sea would cease to moan,
And utter never more a groan
From out her heaving breast:
Would never meet the sanded shore,
With tiny wave or boisterous roar.
If all were satisfied.

God never rests, nor stands He still
In all the workings of His will;
The worlds move on apace:
Sun, moon and stars but circle round,
As the Infinity hath found
They best may serve His plan.

Most wonderful in all this plan
Of conscious thought, is restless man,
With impress of Divinity;
And as his Maker does not rest,
So in man's active, restless breast,
Contentment is not found.

ABBA FATHER.

LLIMITABLE, incomprehensible, something,
Which we call God,
Filling all space, abiding in all things,
Moving the mighty universe —
Noiseless and unseen ;
Soul of all things,
Essence of all life,
Prime cause of all that was, and is to come;
Whose home !
Is in the blade of grass,
The trembling leaflet,
And the boisterous sea.

Whose voice!
The infant's wail,
The maiden's song,
And thunder's loudest crash;
Whose breath!
May blast the fairest flower;
Whose look!
May wither in an hour;
Whose love!
None can compare;
Whose name —
Not knowing what to call,
Creating each, and ruling all,
We call him Abba Father.

THEY HAVE BORNE AWAY MY TREASURE.

THEY have borne away my treasure—
Borne my treasure far away,
And have left him cold and lifeless,
Where there's naught but common clay.

They have borne away my treasure,
Torn him from my fond embrace,
And I saw him in a casket,
Like a prison form encased.

They have borne away my treasure,
Rudely sundered every tie;
Lacerated all the feelings,
Which in human bosoms lie.

They have borne away my treasure,
Mystic forms I could not see —
Borne him to a blessed Eden,
Where he only waits for me.

They have borne away my treasure —
There are treasures gone before,
And I know they're waiting for me,
Waiting on the mystic shore.

SINAI.

THE vaulted heavens trembled with fear,
When God on Sinai appeared,
And Moses wrote the law.
The earth with dreadful terror shook,
And Moses dared not even look,
From whence the voice came forth.

The sleeping rocks heard his command,
And passive did not dare to stand
Before his majesty;
They raised their heads, and bowed in fear,
While on their stolid breasts, appeared
God's holy written law.

The sacred Mount, too, hid her face,
And trembled in her rocky base,
When God her bosom pressed;
She vailed her face in smoke, and fire,
As louder rung the mystic lyre,
Throughout eternal space.

Thunders, and lightning rent the air—
God's awful majesty was there—
Loud blew the trumpet blast;
The people quaked with dreadful fear,
Nor to the mountain dare draw near,
But moved them far away.

Darkness obscured each ray of light,
And, in the smoking mountain height,
Moses drew near to God;
His high behest to him was given—
The law to man, from God in heaven,
Was given on Sinai.

WHERE TO LAY ME WHEN I DIE.

NOT where gay and gorgeous splendor,
Rear their palaces around,
Nor where architectural beauty,
Decorates the sacred mound.

But where humble bells are chiming,
Music sweet doth softly flow,
Where the birds shall sing their carols,
Free from sorrow, pain and woe.

Where the wild flowers shed their fragrance,
On the summer's balmy air,
Where there's laughing, limpid streamlets —
When I die, please lay me there.

Lay me where the fragrant flowers,
Bloom above my lonely head ;
Where the grass shall wave my welcome—
Wave a welcome for the dead.

THE LIFE HARMONIC.

WHAT consolation it doth lend,
To know we have a human friend,
Whose impulse is at least in part,
Accordant with our own.
How then, we brave the ills of life,
Through all the weary, anxious strife,
Of time's unfeeling years.

What hope, what cheer, rise in the soul,
As we approach the final goal
Of life's supreme delight;
Where human friendship does not end,
Where friend in concert with a friend,
Pursue their course together.

This was the bliss that Eden knew,
Whose fruits, supernal ever grew
Upon the tree of life.
'Tis this, that makes the roses bloom,
And gives to each their sweet perfume,
That scents the morning air.

'Tis this, that gives the violet's hue,
And beauty in the sparkling dew,
Before the rising sun.
'Tis this that weaves the woof of day,
And by the sun's effulgent ray
Dispels the gloom of night.

'Tis this harmonic life within,
That compensates for all of sin,
From which we suffer here;
It makes the crooked pathway straight,
And in the things we loathe, and hate,
Find something to admire.

It turns the world all upside down,
In theories on which we frown,
Still find there's something good.
Poor Judas served a purpose well,
And Peter, who a lie did tell,
Was still beloved of God.

God's handiwork the worlds proclaim;
'Twas by His fiat that there came
Each creature into life;
And in his sphere, each praise his God
As perfectly as they who've trod
The better walks of life.

LOVED AND LOST.

DID he love me? ah well I knew,
Than his, was never love more true;
And he could tell by the swelling sigh,
That none, more truly loved than I.

Our souls like one, were knit together,
In bonds so strong that none could sever,
Nor is there aught of human ill,
That can such true devotion chill.

Fierce tempests hurled their rudest blast,
And in our souls, dark shadows cast,
Which love, with all her potent power,
Could not dispel, in that dread hour.

Thus stood we helpless in the gale,
Which did two loving souls assail;
And calmly looked at the frowning sky,
Which brought but sure destruction nigh.

He drew me closer to his breast,
His lips on mine a kiss impressed,
And in that last farewell embrace
My *bitter* tears bedewed his face.

With anguish then, my soul was wrung,
Hopes, to the bitter winds were flung,
Birds told of sorrow when they sung,
And life indeed was desolate.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

DEAD to me all of life's treasures,
Dead, the friends of life's early morn,
Dead to me life's joys and sorrows,
Dead to me, its rose and its thorn.

Dead to me, sunshine and shadow,
Dead to me, life's tempest and storm,
Dead to me all of life's pleasures,
Dead, are all I've cherished so long.

Dead to me, the sneer of kindred,
Dead the taunt of life's jolly throng;
Dead to me the purling streamlet,
Dead to me the music of song.

Dead to me the glee of childhood,
Dead to me the beauty of youth,
Dead, all the grandeur of manhood,
Dead to me pure womanly worth.

Dead, to every aspiration,
Dead, to every noble aim;
Dead, but to the hell within me,
Dead hangs the pall upon my brain.

What a curse must be this fellow—
What a blight upon the earth—
What a walking, stalking shadow,
To have had from woman birth.

MY SISTER.

Y sister was sweet and charmingly fair
With eyes like diamonds, and light golden hair;
Her mouth was encircled with jewels of pearl,
And she was an artless, and innocent girl.

My sister was good, none purer than she,
For she was as pure as Heaven could be;
The breath of her soul, was fragrance so sweet,
That angels might even bow down at her feet.

She saw but in man, the good, and the fair,
Nor dreamed that her soul could taste of despair;
She thought that the world was an Eden of bliss,
Nor dreamed that a serpent might lurk in a kiss.

She thought that the world was the fairest of bowers,
And had not a thorn 'mong all its flowers ;
She dreamed that their fragrance only would shed,
Like perfume from heaven, a crown on her head.

She thought that in man was nothing but truth
And yielded to him all the beauty of youth ;
Gave up her soul, with all that was fair,
And reaped but the fruits of bitter despair.

My sister is scorned, and hissed with contempt —
This beautiful flower the tempest has bent ;
Bowed is her head, in the deepest of woe,
Which into the soul of a woman can flow.

The rose in her cheek is pale with despair,
And the light in her eye has faded with care ,
She sees in the world but darkness and gloom,
And her Eden of bliss turned into a tomb.

My sister! ah who can deny her the name?
Where is the first one to censure or blame?
If Jesus were here, I think He alone
Might faultlessly cast at my sister a stone.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

LET there be light!
And there was heard,
A breath along the leaden air
Which stirred it into life.
It pierced the deadly, deepest gloom,
Which made this world a mouldering tomb
Without an occupant.

Let there be light!
And with it came
Unnumbered forms of every name,
Filling the earth and air;
And that which just before, had been
A shapeless, lifeless, useless thing,
Now bore a beauteous form.

Let there be light!
Again was heard;
And darkness from its depths was stirred—
Man came upon the scene:
A being likened unto God,
And pure as they who first had trod
The upper courts of Heaven.

Let there be light!
And man was crowned;
With solemn stillness all around,
A fairy creature came:
Her form was shapely and divine,
More beautiful than all the kind
Which peopled earth or Heaven.

Let there be light!
Harmonic force,
In all the beauties of its course,
Produced a *perfect* man;

Though in an humble manger born,
The Eastern star the place adorned,
And shone o'er Nazareth.

Let there be light!
And swiftly came
From science and from art a flame
Which set the world aglow;
Its silver beams and golden ray
Dispelled the clouds, and mists away,
Which shrouded human minds.

Let there be light!
Intolerance fled;
And persecution's direful tread
No more caused dread alarm.
The reckless, clamorous, thoughtless clan,
Became as peaceful as a lamb,
By truth and science led.

Let there be light!
And from his throne,
The Demon, which the world had owned
And worshiped as a God,
Now, sank into oblivious shade,
While science truthfully displayed
A God who rules with love.

THE SEWING GIRL.

OH God! she cried, is there no rest?
Can I no comfort find?
And must I thus forever stitch,
Stitch on until I'm blind?

'Twas ten o'clock! a winter's night—
This poor girl sat and sewed,
Till blinding tears her eyes had wet,
But yet she sewed, she sewed.

Oh God! she said, that bread and fire
Should be so dearly bought.
So many stitches one must take,
And for so little wrought.

The deadly paleness in her face,
Still seemed to grow more white;
While the dazzling brightness of her eyes
Outshone the stars of night.

Her tears fell fast, but faster still
Her thread and needle flew,
Till every flounce was in its place,
Frills, placed where they were due.

Thus, pieces lovely garments wrought;
But lovelier far is she,
Than brilliant gems, or diadems
Brought from fair India's sea.

Her pearly fingers, sylph-like form,
Would feast an artist's eye,
While the matchless beauty of her face,
Would with an angel's vie.

But yet this fairy creature toils,
To gain her scanty bread;
While poodle dogs in laps are held,
And bounteously fed.

Oh God! she cried, can this be right,
To heap so much of woe
On gentle woman's loving heart,
While dogs are pampered so?

She would not 'gainst God's law rebel,
Nor taste unholy bread;
Although her soul was famishing
For what to dogs was fed.

Oh Angels! should she chance to err—
God only knows, she may,—
Let not her scribe who writes in Heaven,
Keep record of the day.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

I MIGHT not with such strength of will
have loved,
Could I have known, that direful fate
would blast
So sweet, and fair a flower.

I conned the precious treasure o'er—
'twas mine,
And in my heart, laid up full store
of love,
For years that might come after.

I watched her every waking hour
with joy,
And thought I ne'er had seen a flower
so sweet,
Nor yet one half so pretty.

No mother's love could be more strong
than mine—
'Twas essence from the love divine
for one,
Whom none was more deserving.

She seemed of me to be a part,
and was
The sum, and substance of my heart;
she made
My home a blissful Eden.

Yet she did not belong to earth,
and hence,
The angels sought her from her birth,
Heaven
Was incomplete without her.

The favored moment came at last,
and then
They took my darling, and with her,
have passed
Beyond the darksome river.

MAGDALENA.

WITH the anguish of her soul's unrest,
And hands clasped closely on her breast,
She raised her longing eyes to Heaven,
In search of peace, earth hath not given,

She longing looked to the ether blue,
Where angels seemed herself to view,
And wondered if their home so bright,
Might give her soul some ray of light.

And she clearly saw some garments fair,
Which looked like those she used to wear,
And with her eyes thus fixed on Heaven,
A matchless charm to her was given.

Oh, her robes with scarlet stains were full,
Yet they became as white as wool;
And for her anguish and unrest
The peace of Heaven possessed her breast,

While looking still to the pearly height,
Another form appeared in sight,
Whose bleeding hands, and feet, and side,
Proclaimed for sinners He had died.

'Twas at the word of His command,
There came from Heaven a shining band,
And each one bore a royal crown,
For such as were with grief bowed down.

"Reach forth thy hand, a crown is thine;"
Were ever words like these sublime?
"The righteous came I not to save."
But sinners freely He forgave.

Oh, Magdalene, and sinners all,
Who from your high estate did fall,
Here's loving kindness, full and free,
To wash all guilt from you and me.

The righteous have no need of Him;
'Tis only they who've tasted sin,
For whom our Savior cried—
"Eloi! Eloi! Sabachthani!"
And bowed His head and died.

A COMMON HERITAGE.

I.

EXULTANT Monarch! bend your head,
Why thy proud look and stately tread?
Why thy imperious, haughty will?
Thou dost a small commission fill.

II.

Wherefore the words of thy command?
Thou art a serf upon the land;
And even to thy utmost hour—
The mandates of a higher power

III.

Shall rule thee with a mightier hand
Than any power thou canst command;
Yea! even to thy latest breath,
When holding converse with King Death—

IV.

Thou still shalt feel this mighty law
Before which nations bend in awe;
And thou shalt own this power divine,
And bowing, worship at its shrine.

V.

Then, boast not of thy high estate,
For but one cause thou canst be great,
And that all men may claim.
'Tis that Jehovah's signet's worn
By all mankind, however shorn
Of worldly pomp, and gain.

VI.

'Twas by a Master Workman's art,
That every brow and every heart
Is more or less divine,
And man is either great or small,
As he partakes of what to all,
An Infinite hath given.

VII.

A common heritage hath all,
Jehovah God, hath deigned to call
Each, of mankind His child;
And to each one a crown hath given,
That in the summing up in Heaven
There might not one be lost.

VIII.

Then, let oblations rise in praise,
To Him, who's numbered all our days,
And made His work complete:
The richest tribute we can bring,
Is reverence for our God and King
With love for all mankind.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

THE race of life, where hath its bound?
Its beginning, where is it found?
Or whence its course doth flow?
In what dark age had spirit birth?
Was it before there was on earth?
Or life in empty air?

What womb of space with pregnant air
First found intelligence was there,
And thought was brought to life?
Was it before the shining sun's
Creative light began to run?
Nor moon, nor stars there were?

How grand the thought, how deep, how wide;
How fathomless thou spirit Bride,
First in the womb of Time:
Unnumbered ages have grown old,
Since first the spirit birth was told,
And God reigned every-where.

Eternal too, shall be the flow
Of mystic ages, where we go
When life's full course is run;
'Tis not for mortals to divine
The space in which there is no time,
And day no night may know.

There cycles unto cycles roll,
While countless ages, shall unfold
Their own great truths to man;
Infinite space he shall explore
And traverse every shining shore,
With God Supreme o'er all.

IN MEMORIAM. *

WHAT dread alarm is this I hear?
What wail is this breaks on my ear?
Hath death, in unexpected hour,
Mowed down another lovely flower?

And hath the reaper gone his round
When friendly aid could not be found,
And with his scythe cut down the fair?
Was this the wail broke on the air?

Was no one there to smooth her brow,
No one to kiss or comfort now?
No one to give a word of cheer
When cruel Death was drawing near?

* Of Mrs. E. A. C., who was stricken down in an epileptic fit "From the bloom of health to the pallor of death" at the Russ House, San Francisco, May 11th, 1874.

No husband with a loving heart
To ward away Death's cruel dart?
No Father! Mother! Sister dear—
Did no one then to her appear?

No one! No one! How can it be
That one so good and kind as she
Should die alone? and no one near
To dissipate her every fear?

Though human aid could not be found,
Angelic hosts did her surround;
And with her passed the lonely vale,
Where Death can never more assail.

Then weep her not! though sad and drear
May be your homes without her here:
What she has gained, is richer far
Than all of earthly treasures are.

AT A DILAPIDATED GRAVE IN LONE MOUNTAIN.

AH! thou hast struggled long and well
To gain ambition, fame;
Yet thou hast scarcely left behind
The memory of thy name.

Is this the end? the final sum
That man may hope to gain?
The recompense for all his cares—
Reward for all his pain?

A narrow house, so closely built
That one can't turn him round?
And even that encased in earth,
Full six feet under ground?

Where creeping worms of slimy form
May crawl his body o'er;
And human friends look on his face,
Ah! never, never more?

Shut out from all the world of light,
From glory and from fame,
With single slab above his head,
On which inscribed his name?

If this be all! the final sum
That's left us to attain,
How truly wretched then are we
How well we may complain.

MOTHER.

WHAT name on earth, is there so dear
As the sacred name, Mother?
What other word, can have the cheer
To soothe our brow and dry the tear,
Like the dear word, Mother?

Oh tell me where in Heaven, or Earth,
Another name is found,
So filled with hallowed memories
And with such joyous sound,
As that dear name, Mother?

What other name can wanderers hear
In distant, foreign climes,
To give fresh memories of home
Like that dear name of *thine*, Mother,
Like that dear name of thine?

What other name can have the power
To check a wild career?
And lead us back from untouched sin,
As the name we all revere,
Of blessed Mother dear?

What other name can melt the heart
That's hardened been by crime?
And give contrition to the soul,
Like that loved name of thine, Mother,
Like that loved name of thine?

Dearest Mother, thy precious name
Shall fall from lips in prayer;
That God will keep thee safe from harm,
And shield thee, every-where,
And shield thee, every-where.

CAN I BE FICKLE?

DEAR one, could I for sure depend
That thou wouldst love till life should end
Its weary pilgrimage,
I'd seek no other place to rest
My bruised heart or aching breast,
But in thy fond embrace.

I'd look me to no other sky
Than that in which thy charming eye
Would give my soul its light;
I d look me for no other joy
Than that which should my soul employ,
Forever loving thee.

I'd twine the tendrils of my heart
Where thou shouldst share the greater part
And be my chief delight;
I'd have one thought, and that of thee,
That where thou wert, there I might be,
And from thee never part.

No breath should cool my heated brow
But that which did thy love endow,
And wert of thee a part;
No lips should press their nectar sweet
Where mine, in unison should meet
Companionship of soul.

No other voice should charm my ear,
Be thou soever far or near,
I still would faithful be;
No other form should please my eye,
For thee, I evermore would sigh
And loving worship thee.

I'd ask no other earthly gain,
Forego all pleasure, bear all pain
To share thy love alone;
And only fickle would I be,
When feeling thou hast set me free
In loving yet another.

THINGS TO AVOID.

TWO things in life, there's to avoid;
Their steps, take hold on hell;
They'll prey upon your vital force,
And sound your funeral knell.

They'll fill your bodies with disease,
And worse, pollute your soul;
They'll rob you of life's happiness,
Your comfort, and repose.

They'll sever home, and family ties,
And give a mortal sting;
Nor can the smallest solace give,
For the misery they bring.

Twin Sisters these two vices are,
They flourish as the rose;
They'll put their stamp upon your face,
And blossom on your nose.

There's no disguise can hide the fact,
If these, are chosen friends;
Though frailty's weak, she still is strong
In accomplishing her ends.

OUR DARLING.

WE miss him! we miss him our darling,
We miss his sweet prattle and glee;
And we long once more to behold him,
Our darling that's over the sea.

The cot, and the cradle are empty;
The bat, and the ball on the floor,
And the drum, is still where he left it,
For Freddie will use them no more.

The birds, when they sing their sweet carols—
Sing lonely, and sadly to me;
And my heart, seems bursting with anguish,
For Freddie far over the sea.

The morning now dawns on us sadly,
Our souls with a weight is oppressed;
Our darling, we never may see him
Nor clasp his loved form to our breast.

The Angels, they came with a whisper—
So quiet none heard them but he;
He listened to what they said to him,
And with them, passed over the sea.

Oh Angels! come, once again whisper,
And this time, please whisper to me;
And bring me some news from my darling,
My darling that's over the sea.

Oh tell me, if baby is wishing
His mamma would come to him soon,
And if in his beautiful heaven
For all there is plenty of room.

Oh Angels! who cares for my baby?
Have you a blest seraph so fair
That, by her sweet, tender caresses,
He thinks his dear mamma is there?

I know that I hear, when I listen,
Sweet music from over the sea;
'Tis Angels, a lullaby singing,
And baby is thinking it's me.

ODE TO THE MOUNTAINS.

ONDROUS works! of a mighty power
Unsolved as yet by man—
Stretched o'er a grand and wide expanse
By a mysterious hand.

Thy breasts are rounded amply full;
Thy heads oft pierce the sky;
Forth reach thy hands o'er many lands;
Thy brows are lifted high.

Thy feet strike deep into the earth;
Thy strides are very wide;
Far reaching from the East, to West,
From North to South, beside.

Thy heads a various signet wear,
Crowned by imperious will
With rocky crest, and emerald vest;
Thy tears fill many a rill.

On one of thy tall steepled heights,
O'erlooking all the world,
'Tis said a prince did once ascend,
To achieve a purpose bold.

There, with a broad and wide domain
Spread out before his view,
Said he to Truth and Innocence,:
"All this I'll give to you—

"Provided you will bend the knee,
"And call me Master, King—
"The treasures of this vast expanse
"To your keeping I will bring."

Hurled back, the offer of his gold,
Hurled back, his base design,
While Satan, cowering at their feet,
Proclaimed this law divine:

That Truth and Innocence shall stand,
And o'er the world prevail;
They shall be King, and Monarch too
Though Death and Hell assail.

Ah!, 'tis not gold, nor rubies, King,
Nor aught of earthly treasure,
To these, your offerings may not bring
In full, nor stinted measure.

Bring your oblations to the throne
Where sit enshrined the graces
Of honest Innocence and Truth,
As seen in human faces.

These are the highest types of Man,
God's noblest work, divine;
In Heaven above, nor Earth beneath,
There is no higher shrine.

'Tis God Himself, made manifest
In this His wondrous plan,
Whereby His greatest work is shown
In irrepressible Man.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

WHAT pang on earth is there so great,
As that which pierced me sore,
When a loving Father bowed his head,
And was of earth no more?

That pang sank deep into my soul;
The joyous world seemed drear;
My heart was wrung with agony,
Tear followed *bitter* tear.

Fond recollections rise afresh,
But how their mem'ries sting;
No loving thought, or word, or deed,
Can aught of solace bring.

Such hopeless grief is this we feel,
None with it can compare;
For who may give us back our dead?
Who lighten our despair?

The grass shall wave above his tomb;
The winds shall moan, and sigh;
Him shall we never see again,
Nor feel his presence nigh.

Autumnal rains shall shed their tears
Upon his lonely tomb;
And winter winds shall sing his dirge
For ages yet to come.

THE OUTCAST.

SHE died all alone,
And no one was near,
To shed for this Outcast
A pitying tear,
Or pillow her comfortless head.

She died all alone,
In darkness of night,
The stars looked down on this
Pitiable sight—
In wretchedness, want and in woe.

She died all alone;
Poor child of despair;
Was freighted with grief,
And laden with care—
Weighed down with the guilt of her soul.

She thought of her home,
And days of her youth;
Unblemished her soul,
And spotless as truth
Was her blush, in life's early morn.

But came there an hour
When, tempted by sin,
Like mortal, she fell
From sin unto sin,
And drank of the wormwood and gall.

She tasted the dregs
Of the bottomless pit;
Cast out from the world—
A thing, that's unfit
To mix with the rest of mankind.

They buffet and hoot
This child, in her crime;
More guilty are they
In eyes just, divine,
Than she whom they scorn in her woe.

Speak kindly to such,
And lighten their care;
Tell them there is hope
For those in despair;

Tell them, though erring,
That they may regain
Woman's high crowning;
To which, to attain,

They must abandon
The highways of shame,
And go, crown *themselves*
Pure women again.

She wandered from home,
Denying her name;
She would not pollute
Her parents' fair fame,
Nor mantle their cheeks with a blush.

She buried her grief,
And sank in her shame;
Down, down to the depths
She suddenly came,
And wondered if God was severe.

She raised up her eyes,
To offer a prayer,
But faltered her tongue;
'Twas mute with despair,
Though Angels were waiting to save.

Her prayer was a sigh
That God would be kind,
And hide in darkness
Her sins from her mind,
And give her composure and rest.

She longed for waters;
Stepped into the pool;
Drank of the fountain;
Was washed and made whole—
With Angels drew nearer to God.

Was heard there a sound
In Heaven so clear,
As when this sinner,
Repentant, drew near,
To sit at the feet of the Lamb?

Clothed in new garments,
With never a stain,
Came, as a Seraph
Or bright Angel came—
For God is forgiving to all.

"I WISH I WERE DEAD."

"I WISH I were dead!"
How carelessly said,
One bright and early morning.
Wish to be dead in summer time?
While life is scarcely in its prime?
Ere thy sun to noon has risen?

Wish to be dead!
How careless said—
How lightly it was spoken;
The summers' suns have ris'n and set,
In years but twenty-three, as yet,
And shone upon your head.

Wish to be dead!
For what wouldst die?
Hast thou no aim for which to sigh,
No object yet ere thou shalt die,
No purpose to attain?

Wish to be dead!
Hast thou fulfilled
The object of thy Father's will,
For which He sent thee here?
Is there no hope, thy soul to thrill—
No mission in thy life to fill—
That thou shouldst wish to die?

Wish to be dead!
Ah! say it not;
It cannot be thou hast forgot
There's seed and harvest time:—

'The sun may hide his golden rays,
But yet there's plentitude of days
In which to prosper here.

Wish to be dead!
Thou hast no right
To wish that all this world of light
Were shut from out thy life—
This precious life thy God hath given;
And in thy aim if thou hast striven
To do His purpose well,
He'll crown thee with immortal life,
And thou shalt dwell where there's no strife,
In all the courts of Heaven.

CALIFORNIA.

O H! glorious land, where the sun sinks to rest
In the genial folds of Nature's warm breast;
And, resting his feet in the pulsating sea,
Comes with the morning, all radiant with glee,
And wooes me back to thy Eden of bliss,
Where Nature tempts Heaven with her balmiest kiss.

ANOTHER OUTCAST.

ANOTHER outcast, great God! here is found,
With naught for her bed but comfortless ground;
With naught to shelter, or shield her from cold—
The buffets of men, and scorn of the world.

Eyes, once like diamonds, outrivaled the stars;
Soul, pure as Venus, and lovely as Mars;
Moulded her figure, by genius and grace,
And carved in beauty, each line of her face.

Pity her, Seraphs, oh, pity! I cried;
Pity her, Jesus, in sin though she died!
Though wandered from home like Prodigal Son—
Pity her, Father! she still is Thine own.

Oh! save her to-night, though living or dead,
And, Heaven's pure Angels, shed tears on her head.
Oh! pity her, God, wherever she's found,
And let not a curse cry out from the ground.

Though marked, as was Cain, on forehead and brow.
Once stainless her soul—oh, that it were now!
Canst Thou not shrive her, dear Lord, as of yore,
And bid her in peace, go and sin never more?

Jesus, our Saviour! she's praying to Thee—
She's heard of Thy love, and dark Calvary;
She's heard of Thy groans, and tears Thou didst shed
For those who in sin and trespass were dead.

She's heard that Thou lovest and still art with men;
Dost love and forgive, though sinners they've been.
Jesus, forgive her, wash out her stain;
Crown her, though fallen, Thy kindred again.

TO A FRIEND.

MEM'RY, dear Memory,
E'er faithful and true,
Brings a halo of glory
When thinking of you.
The past and the present,
Too full for despair,
Bid me hope for the future,
And wrestle with care;
Bid me bury the past
As something that's dead;
Only live for the present,
Let dead bury the dead.

Yet one press of thy hand,
One look from thine eye,
Just one comforting word—
To know that a sigh
Is upwelling for me—
Life's ills would dispel,
And brighten the future.
Then tell me, ah! tell,
If of me thou dost think,
If still in thy heart
There remains but one link
Which binds me to thee.

CHRISTMAS.

RING out the bells, the merry bells,
Each joyous Christmas bell;
Ring out o'er all the happy land,
Your joyous tidings tell.

Ring out, ring out with joyous strain,
Peal forth in loud acclaim;
This is the year of jubilee,
Glad tidings now proclaim.

Good will and peace reign o'er the land;
No warrior's tramp is heard;
From East to West, from North to South,
Send forth the joyous word.

Ring out the call, the loving call,
That summons friends together,
And there let each in union clasp
The other as his brother.

Ring forth, ring forth in every heart,
Ring forth a song of praise
To Him, the ever living God,
The Ancient One of days.

TO A HUSBAND.

MAY thine eye never shine less brightly than now,
Nor the rose in thy cheek become dim,
Nor furrow e'er wrinkle thy fair marble brow,
Nor a passion provoke thee to sin.

No tempter allure from the home thou hast loved,
From the wife and the child thou hast blest;
Ne'er permit any other to pillow her head
Where the wife of thy bosom should rest.

Oh, look not on her who would tempt thee to stray,—
On the form that bewitching, allures;
She's charms that may last scarce a full, fleeting day,
And their pleasures may tarnish thy years.

Look not on the wine when it sparkles so red,
Nor once taste of the full, flowing bowl:
'T will lessen the beauty and grace of thy heart,
And the charm of thy generous soul.

THE FOUNDLING.

HOSE child is this?
The Foundlings' Home
Hath found another charge—
Drifting on the sea of life—
A frail and tiny barge.

Whose child is this?
A tender waif
Bereft of father love;
None to guide its little feet,
Save Him who rules above.

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Whose child is this?
What mother love
Hath been so turned to stone?
How could she thus leave her child
Abandoned and alone?

Whose child is this?
Ah! who can tell
What sea of human woe
'Whelmed in sorrow mother love,
In its divinest flow.

Whose child is this?
But here's a card
Upon the little waif,
Written in the finest hand
Which woman's pen could trace.

Upon its face and on its clothes
Are sprinkled briny tears,
Which fell like rain drops, while she prayed
That all the coming years
Would save her child from such distress
As wrung its mother's heart,
When forced by utter helplessness
From her first-born to part.
What untold anguish caused those tears!
How rapidly they fell—
Betraying by their overflow
A grief no tongue can tell.
No artist's brush could ever paint
Such poignancy of grief,
No human lips could utter words
To give her soul relief.
"Oh, God!" she cried in her despair,
"How can I leave my child?

With contumely I am hissed,
My brain seems turning wild;
And love has changed to serpents' stings,
Which mock me in my woe;
And women shun me in my path,
As something vile and low.
Life's sweetest pleasures on my lips
Hang heavy, like a pall.
Oh! why, like Hager, am I left
In abandonment to fall?
And, like her, cast my child away,
Beyond a mother's care?
My only offering of love!
My God! in mercy spare,
Oh, spare me from this bitter cup,
This draught of deepest woe,
Which falls like ice upon my heart,
And freezes every flow

Of life's warm, gushing, crimson tide:—
Upon my frenzied soul
It casts a cloud as dense and dark
As did o'er Calvary roll."
And then, upon her bended knee,
With babe clasped to her breast,
Oh! how she plead with God in Heaven,
In anguish and unrest,
That He who feeds the raven's young,
And hears them when they cry,
Would not desert her darling child,
But would be ever nigh.
And then, ah! then, how tremblingly
She turned her wearied quest,
Where little foundlings have a home,
And here's another guest.

THREE LINKS—RESIGNATION, FAITH AND HOPE.

IS as the good angels would have it,
God knoweth and doeth what's best,
And from the dark waves which engulf us
We'll gather sweet comfort and rest.

Deep down in the ocean of sorrow
Lie hidden full many a goal;
We may from Gethsemane borrow
Rare jewels, as priceless as souls.

There flows with the blood and the water,
Which gush from humanity's side,
Such truths as we only may gather
When the thong and spear are applied.

The wine press which mangles and crushes
Each feeling and thought, as it rolls,
Distils, in its richest profusion,
The sweetest aroma of souls.

The thorns which imprint on our foreheads
The stamps of unutterable woe,
Are signets and seals of our Master,
Whose love never ceases to flow.

And the cross which all men must carry,
However so early or late,
Is a signal sent to them from Heaven,
And a pass at death's beautiful gate.

TO MASONRY.

YE noble men, Free Masons,
So staunch, and true, and tried,
Your faith is founded on the Word
Which good men ne'er deride.

Yours is the faith of Abraham,
Whose precepts were divine;
And all the teachings of your faith
Are squared by plumb and line.

'T was in the old Jerusalem
Your Craft was first made known;
Your members then were sons of toil,
Hewers of wood and stone.

Still later was your Craft confirmed
By the famous council Troyes;
Who, in their wisdom, understood
Your grand and holy law.

Then on your altars there was laid
A holy, sacred volume;
In it is found your rules of faith,
Whereon rests every column.

Then, with foundations firm and strong
Your columns all upholding,
Still build upon the Book of books,—
God's sacred truths unfolding.

The corner-stones of nations all,
Bearing exalted name,
Are laid within your mighty Craft,—
Their principles the same.

The churches of the nations,
Whatever be their name,
Cannot excel, in all their good,
The glory of your fame.

Your hands reach out o'er all the land,
To help a needy brother;
While every orphaned child is thine,
And every widowed mother.

Your bonds of faith, insep'rable,
Bind each one to the other;
And you have yet another tie,
More strong than that of brother.

It wards off sad, impending fate,
And shields when can't another;
This is the tie that binds more strong
Than brother unto brother.

It makes the dark skin as the white;
The Jew and Gentile brother;
Here likewise meet the friend and foe,
And, meeting, love each other.

Then, with foundations firm and strong,
Your base, God's holy volume,
Still build upon the Book of books,
On it rests every column.

RETROSPECTION AND ANNUNCIATION.

WHAT are all life's joys and sorrows?
What are all its griefs and pains?
What are all its disappointments?
What its treasures? What its gains?

Short lived moments, quickly passing,
Days, that change them into night;
Hours of pleasure change to sadness,
Darkness takes the place of light.

Hopes lie withered, hearts are bleeding;
Brightest prospects quickly fade;
Thorns are strewn along our pathway;
Clouds the brightest sunshine shade.

But a morn of bright awak'ning,
Where immortelles deck hill and glade,
Dawns on our expectant vision,
Flow'rs bloom there and never fade.

There we gain life's compensation,
Sorrows are exchanged for joy;
Hopes once withered bloom in beauty,
Pleasures tasted never cloy.

In that home is life's fruition;
Rainbow tints each cloud becurl;
And each drop of heart blood anguish
There becomes a shining pearl.

Crippled age comes back to manhood,
Steps once feeble now are strong,
Health and beauty crown each forehead,
Sobs of sorrow change to song.

Hallelujahs now re-echo
  All along the sounding shore;
Mortals catch the revibration,
  Welding links forevermore.

WOMAN.

WHAT, indeed, art thou, oh, Woman?
Heart with tender fibres strung;
Love enduring, never failing,
Though thy soul with sorrow's wrung.

Though thy prospects all are faded,
And thy hopes each one decay,
Thou dost bring thy votive offering,
Where hope's smouldering ashes lay.

Though dishonor crown man's forehead,—
He who should thy glory be,—
Thou wilt even bear his burthen,
Never asking to be free.

Through life's youth and bloom of summer,
Through life's bitter sleet and snow,
Thou dost follow man's meanderings—
Where he leads thou'lt trusting go.

Thou art seen in gory battle,
Thou art seen on ocean's main,
In thy woman's fond endeavor
Brother, lover to regain.

Glorious woman, wife and mother,
Truest love thy soul doth bear;
Never shrinking from thy duty,
Bearing patient all thy care.

Thou art found, oh, faithful woman,
Where the fever's scorching pain
Drinks up all of health and beauty,
Making mad the burning brain.

There with hand both soft and gentle,
Ministering with kindly touch,
Man doth bless thee as an angel:—
And, oh woman, thou art such.

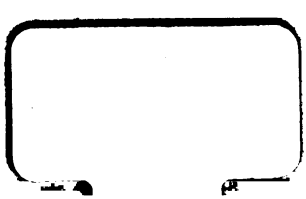
In thy home, dear, priceless woman,
Thou art man's chief help and friend;
Thou dost make of life an Eden,—
This thy mission, purpose, end.

Thou art chosen, gentle woman,
By thy unexampled form,
As the mother of the Nations,—
Thou wast not for contest born.

But should misfortune call thee forth,
To stem life's stormy sea,
In noble deeds, or works, or faith,
Thou wilt not wanting be.

"Excelsior" thy motto, then,
Oh woman, doubly crowned,
For in thy perfect womanhood
Man's noblest gifts abound.

All that's good, and pure, and holy,
Finds embodiment in thee;
In thy being there is blended
Perfect love and trinity,

Noblest mission ever given,
Seraphs not so regal crowned
As art thou, oh, peerless woman,—
Heaven hath not thine equal found.

In thy soul, oh, matchless woman,
Thou hast fascinating charms;
And their power wields stronger weapons,
Than man's ballot, or his arms.